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**Does a General Practice
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Residence, 15 S. 26-three miles S. W.
of "G" ranch, Zelma, P. O.

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**Attorney and Coun-
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Land Practice a Specialty.
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The Ward of King Canute

A Romance of the Danish Conquest.

By OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ, author of *The Thrill of Lief the Lucky*.
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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

For such a stroke there was no parry. Canute threw his shield before him, but the blade cleft wood and iron and golden plating like parchment, and falling on the horse's neck, it bit its way down, roaring and plunging with pain, the animal crashed into those behind him, missed his footing and fell, entangling his rider in the tappings. Bending over him, the Ironside struck again.

But the son of Lodbrok had still his left arm. Bearing his shield, it shot out over the body of his king. The falling brand bit this screen also, and lopped off the hand that held it, but the respite was sufficient. In a flash Canute was on his feet, both hands grasping the hilt of his high-swing sword.

It was a mighty blow, but it fell harmless. A sudden surge in the tide of struggling bodies swept the Ironsides out of reach and engulfed him in a whirlpool of Danish swords. He laid about him like mad, and was like to have cleared a passage back, when a second wave carried him completely from view.

Canute cursed at the anxious faces that surrounded him. "What means it, this waying? Who are flying?"

"The English! bellowed Rothgar. "The English are flying—Edmund's head! Yonder!"

Frode's daughter had Viking blood, but she hid her face with a cry. There it was, high upon a spear-point, dripping, ghastly. Could the sun shine upon such a thing?

To stare before him, Rothgar let the blood pour unheeded from his wounded arm. "Yonder Edmund rides now!" he gasped. "You can tell him by his size—Yonder! Now he is tearing off his helmet—"



"Her wide bright eyes sought his, with the terror of a snared bird."

Nor was he mistaken; within spear-throw the mighty frame of the Ironside towered above his struggling guard. As he bared his head, they could even distinguish his face with its large, elegantly formed features and Ethelred's prominent chin. Brandishing his sword, shouting words of reassurance, exposing his person without a thought of the darts aimed at him, he was making a heroic effort to check the rush of his panic-stricken host.

Randall stared about her, doubting her senses. But light had begun to dawn on Canute. He wheeled sharply, as Thorkel pushed his horse to their sides.

"Whose head was that?" he demanded. "Thorkel's face was a lineless mask. 'I believe his name was Osmar,' he answered without emotion. 'It was unheard-of good fortune that he should be so like Edmund in looks.'"

The young king's face was suffused with bitterness. "Good fortune! Am I a fool or a coward that I am never to win except by craft or good fortune? Had you let me alone—"

But what else he said Randall never knew. Some unseen obstacle turned in their direction the stream of rushing horsemen. In an instant the torrent had caught them in its whirling eddies, and they were so many separate atoms borne along on the flood. To hold back was to be thrown down; to fall was to be trampled into rags. The battle had changed into a hunt.

Thundering hoof-beats, crashing blows, shrieks and groans and falling bodies—a sense of being caught in a wolf pack took possession of the girl; and the feeling grew with every side-long glance she had of the savage, sweating, dust-grimed faces, in their jungles of blood-clotted hair. The battle-madness was upon them, and beasts of prey no longer men, but beasts of prey. Amid the chaos of her mind, a new idea shaped itself like a new world. If she could but work her way to the edge of the herd, she might escape down one of those green alleys opening before them.

They reached the wood at last, cool and sweet, and hushed in holy peace. The frantic horse plunged into one of the arching lanes, and the dir of the hunt died behind her; silence fell like a curtain at their heels; even the thudding hoof-beats were softened on the leafy ground. Randall lay along the horse's neck now, and her senses had begun to slip away from her like the tide from the shore. Somewhere, there was the soft thud of a falling body; then the cool greenness closed around her and held her tenderly, a crumpled leaf that the whirlwind had dropped from its spot.

CHAPTER VI.

Taken Captive.

Lying dormant in cool silence, the girl came slowly to a consciousness that someone was stooping over her. Raising her heavy lids, her eyes rested on a man's face, showing dimly in the dusk of the starlight.

He said in English, "Canute's page, by the saints! Were I a Pagan Dane, I would run my sword through him. But I am a Christian Englishman. Let him lie. He will bleed his life out before morning."

While the warrior was turning, a new voice spoke.

"Canute's page?" it repeated after some unseen informant. "Is he dead?"

It was a young voice, and deep and soft, for all the note of quiet authority ringing through it. Randall's eyes rose dreamily to find the owner. Above the black hedge, the square strength of his shoulders and the graceful lines of his helmeted head were silhouetted sharply against the starry sky. Why had they so familiar a look? Ah! the noble who had followed Edmund.

A pause met his warmth somewhat coolly; and the warrior who broke the silence lowered his voice to do it. (To be continued.)

NOT EQUAL TO POSITION.

"Groom of the Feather Cloak" Fell from Grace.

When King Kalakaua of Hawaii visited Japan twenty years ago he was very anxious to exhibit to the Japanese his famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which was based on European military models. It was out of the question to wear it draped over brown cuticle, as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let Robert, one of his attendants, wear it. William N. Armstrong, the king's attorney-general, says: "This additional service delighted Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement made to his Japanese attendant, was 'keeper of the royal standard,' 'groom of the feather cloak' and 'valet in ordinary.' While in the imperial car, on the way to Tokyo, the king's suite had suddenly seen Robert, sitting in state in the luggage car, dressed in a silk hat, white gloves and with the gorgeous royal cloak hanging over his shoulders, the tableau being completed by a group of Japanese attendants who were standing before him, lost in admiration." But Robert was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In his capacity of valet he preceded the party to the palace assigned to them, and discovered there abundance of wines and spirits, which he consumed until they arrived. He was found asleep in the king's bed chamber, with the silk hat far down over his head and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulders. He was at once deposed from his office of 'groom of the feather cloak.'"

A Financial Case.

"He was a small boy," said the clerk in a down town bank, telling the story. "He was trying to learn."

"How do you get money on checks, please?" he asked the biggest bank porter who stood outside the partition.

"Why, you just write your name on the back and give them to that fellow over there," expounded the porter, indicating the paying teller.

"The youngster solemnly scrawled his name on the back of a dozen checks and took them over to the paying teller's window. They were checks drawn by that boy's father and two other male relatives in favor of different people, and the youngster was much chagrined when he didn't get the money."

"I was going to take it and run away to sea," he told us afterward, indignantly.

Carried Away Their Dinners.

John Barrymore was missing when the "half-hour call" was given at a New York theater the other evening. As time drew on for the rise of the curtain, the stage manager grew nervous, for in "The Dictator" Mr. Barrymore is first on the stage. When he did appear, carrying a parcel done up in a napkin, he told how it happened.

"Ethel and I went to Seaside for the dinner," he said. "The thick-headed butchman that waited on us was slow, and just as we were leaving he came with the steak. I gave Ethel half, and brought the rest with me. And, opening his parcel, he showed half a sirloin steak and a couple of baked potatoes, which he proceeded to eat while he was dressing. Miss Barrymore at another city theater is supposed to have eaten her dinner in the same unconventional fashion."

Python on the "Nest."

At the zoological gardens, Manchester, England, a python laid fifty eggs over the heat inlet of her cage and is now incubating, being coiled about these. The eggs, which are shell-less, are about the size of a turkey's, are dirty white in color and in texture like parchment.

A GOLD-LINED DEATH VALLEY.

Philippine Waste, Guarded by Death-Dealing Gases.

There is a Death valley in the Philippines as well as in the United States. It is situated in the island of Mindanao and although for many years it has been known to contain large quantities of gold the treasure has been lying unclaimed because of the refusal of the natives to go after it. At last this famed and feared valley has been compelled to give up the rich treasure which for ages it has successfully guarded by its pall of death-dealing gases. This valley, which true to its name, has dealt death to many a venturesome searcher for the precious metal, is located in the mountain fastnesses of the island and according to the theories of the scientists it is the crater of what was once a great and violent volcano. Volcanic gases of a most poisonous nature still rise from the depths of the valley and hang over it like a pall, never passing away, and many natives who have attempted to go down into the valley from the mountains say that never before has any man who ventured into its unknown depths returned to tell of its secrets. The distance across the valley is only a few miles, but the bottom of it is constantly concealed from view by the dense cloud of poisonous vapor overhanging it.

EARLY LESSON IN THRIFT.

Brooklyn Men Even Take Their Babies to Bank.

The other day a man entered a Brooklyn bank carrying in one hand a deposit book and closely clasped in his other arm was a baby that was perhaps ten or twelve months old. The age may not be exact, but at any rate the young one was old enough to sit up and look around, as if it was consciously taking in the sights and sounds of a new world.

Going up to one of those projecting shelves which are placed against the walls in some banks for the convenience of patrons who prefer to stand up while waiting, the man placed the baby on the sloping surface, and as a precaution against sliding off, which it showed every indication of doing, the man put a brake against the threatened movement of the mass of baby draperies by placing his arm in front of the baby.

Then he proceeded to fill out a deposit check, and when that was accomplished he again took the baby in his arm, and going up to the teller's window, handed in his book, and when the entry had been made he received the book again, and placing it in his pocket, walked out of the bank, the baby still staring everybody out of countenance with the utmost coolness.

Children Still.

We seek no more a daily prize, Nor triumph in our dreams. So changed the lustre of the skies, So faint and few the gleams. Yet comes a glow when others play, That unforgotten thrill. And we are dull and old to-day, Or only children still.

We loved the battle once, but now We are not overbold. There's wisdom on the weary brow, And in our hearts the old. Yet in the light of eager eyes We lose the wintry chill. And then we are not overwise, But simple children still.

The visions of our glorious youth Have faded long ago; We hope no more to find the truth, And should we care to know? Not ours to scale the viewless height, But there's a purple hill. And still we gladden at the sight And climb as children still.

How much of all the good we planned Is perfect?—begin? Who watched the lifting of God's hand, And waited for his "well done"? But when the children whom we love The good we missed fulfill, Thank God our hearts prevail to prove The hearts of children still.—Hugh Macdonald, in *London Saturday Review*.

France and Old-Age Pensions.

The British consul at Calais tells, in his annual report, of an effort to deal with old-age pensions. Twenty-three years ago M. Chatelet formed a society, the rules of membership being a monthly payment of a franc, all the funds to be invested, and at the end of twenty years the interest on capital to be equally divided among members, and in each succeeding year those who had been members for twenty years to receive their equal share of this interest. The present rate of pension is £14 8s. per year. The membership now stands at 347,951, with a capital of over a million and a half pounds.—London *Amnivers*.

Brotherly Criticism.

Zoltan Doehne, Mme. Nordica's husband, has an amusing way of putting things. On one occasion he was speaking of the vocalization of the well-known singer Van Dyck, and professional jealousy manifested in the critical sarcasm: "With most tenors, they sing along a false note, an 'ou' say, 'Oh!' [Mr. Doehne frowned and winced.] But with Mr. Van Dyck he sing along, an 'sing along, an 'once in a while he strike a true note, an 'ou say, 'Oh!' And Mr. Doehne's smile of pleased surprise called forth a round of laughter.

Denounces Khaki Uniforms.

Mayor Jameson said in the British parliament the other day that the sudden resort to khaki uniforms was a "senseless craze." Because the Boers were khaki and slouch hats the whole army was slapped into similar costume. If the Zulus had beaten it, the army would have gone about in feathers and paint. "There are streaks of paint and an ostrich feather would have been the uniform of a field marshal."

Vicar and Workman.

The vicar of a colliery district in Leicestershire, England, has just accomplished the remarkable feat of restoring, mainly by his own manual labor, his dilapidated church. Since February, 1901, the vicar has labored as a workman all the week and preached to his people on the Sundays. He has worked at the church almost alone, the only assistance being a few days by one man.

China Not Overcrowded.

A recent census of China shows that that country, crowded with "teeming millions," has a population of 103 to the square mile. Belgium has 220 to the square mile, Great Britain 130, and Germany 101.

FROM THE FORTH TIGHT NOTEBOOKS

By Earl M. Pratt, Oak Park, Illinois.

So many times I have felt the following ideas that I want to pass them along to you in the words of a correspondent who sent them to the *Breeders' Gazette*:

"Every man sees what is hard in his own life and what is easy in the life of everyone else. This is the reason why there is so much discontent among the human race. The farmer hauling fodder to his cattle through the mud and slush of a thawed field in winter thinks of the lawyer sitting beside a warm fire in his office with his books and clients, and straightaway wishes he was a lawyer; or he thinks of the merchant handing out his goods on one side of the counter and taking in his profits on the other, and then he wishes he was a merchant; or he sees the doctor riding by at fifty cents or a dollar for every mile, and then he wishes he was a doctor. Or blackleg breaks out among his calves, the grub kills his sheep, the cholera slays his hogs or his wheat rusts in the rain, and he reviles the fate that made him a farmer and declares that if he had his life to live over he would be something else—just anything but a farmer.

"Now the farmer is not the only man who indulges in these grumblings. The farmer does not often wish he was somebody else than somebody else wishes he was a farmer. The lawyer harassed in his office by troublesome cases and fought all day long by opposing counsel, with the smell of musty law books and foul court rooms continually in his nostrils, envies the farmer whistling as he follows his plow and team with the scent of bloom borne to him on every breeze. The merchant tormented by importunate creditors and lavished at by irresponsible debtors sees the farmer salting his fat steers in the pasture across the road and wonders why he was so foolish as to go into the harassing, hazardous business of merchandizing. The doctor roused from much-needed sleep in a cold, stormy winter night thinks how happy must be the farmer, whose slumbers no loud insistent voice ever disturbs."

Sleep and the Weather

"Do you know I think the connection between atmospheric conditions and insomnia is much closer than we believe it is," said a thoughtful man to a New Orleans *Times-Democrat* writer, "and I think I have good reason for the faith that is within me, so far as this matter is concerned. I suffer a great deal on account of sleeplessness and in at least nine instances out of ten the weather is directly responsible for it. If a violent change in any way whatever is about to take place my system will register the fact with just as much accuracy as the most delicate devices used by the expert weather prognosticators."

"Of course, I do not mean to say that I have a monopoly on this sort of thing. We are all influenced to some extent in one way or another by weather changes. But I was speaking more particularly of the relations between atmospheric condition and insomnia. The connection is direct and unmistakable. Take the man, for instance, who is a chronic sufferer from headache or neuralgia, or any kindred ailment, and you will find that an impending change in the weather will have a tendency to put his nerves on edge, if I may say it, and he will find it extremely difficult to sleep. He will, as a matter of fact, fall into the clutches of that awful slaughterer of rest—insomnia.

"I may say that any man whose nerves are particularly sensitive and whose system is delicate enough to respond to slight pressures will be affected in the same way. The ordinary corn is often an agent in bringing about insomnia, because it is a sort of barometer and responds quickly to changes in the weather. It would be interesting if some man who is an expert in such matters would trace definitely the relations between insomnia and atmospheric or climatic conditions. Many variations would be found. It would all depend on the temperament of the individual. A great many persons will be found who will sleep heavily if the night becomes suddenly a little cold. Cold in such cases aids sleep. In the cases of other persons a change of this sort will produce wakefulness because the cold will irritate the more sensitive nerves. So I might go on and enumerate a vast variety of ways in which different persons, because of temperamental differences, would be affected by a sudden change in the weather. There can be no sort of question about the connection between insomnia and the weather."

Woke Up the Flagman

The recent renewal of discussion of the Grand Trunk Pacific project for a second railroad across the Dominion of Canada reminded a railroad man the other day of this story of Marcus Smith:

He made a survey of the route which the new road proposes to follow when the Canadian Pacific was projected. The party under Smith was running lines one sleepy Indian summer day on the headwaters of the Saskatchewan river. When he wanted to take a sight of the rear flag he discovered that it was being held in line. All sorts of signals were tried, but the attention of the flagman could not be attracted.

Finally Smith jumped into a buckboard and drove back over the line. Presently the others of the party heard half a dozen revolver shots. Then Smith came back alone and with never a word of explanation. Hours passed, but the flagman did not appear. They made camp, a tent for the men, and one apart from it for Marcus Smith. The surveyors were about to demand an explanation from their chief, dangerous as it would have been, when the missing flagman crawled out of the brush and into the tent.

"I went to sleep," he confessed, "and was awakened by a great big paw-like hand cuffing me vigorously. I scrambled up and started to run. Marcus came after me. I grabbed a stick when he gained on me and managed to trip him up. Then he started to shoot and I made for the bush faster than ever."

The man was greatly troubled about his future course. His fellows advised me to turn out with the crew in the morning, as though nothing had happened. He remembered the revolver shots and thought it was taking long chances, but finally decided to risk it. The crusty old surveyor did not refer to it in any way, and as the flagman kept awake there were no more flying shots.

Chivalry Not Yet Dead

A tall, straight young man and a girl who looked as though she had just stepped out of a love-story illustration in a magazine stood together under the canopy in front of the Reading Terminal after the rain had stopped late Thursday afternoon. They were waiting for a car, he idly watching the crowd pick its way over the wet street, she gazing with a little frown at the muddy crossing.

"Extry polper! Extry, mister?" shouted a ragamuffin of a newsboy, holding out an early evening edition to the young man.

"No, kid, I guess not," said he, smiling. Then—"Hold on a minute, son; are you too busy right now to stop and earn a quarter?"

"Sure I ain't; what d'ye tink I am?" came the answer.

Grave of Samuel Adams

They knew the patriot rebel's soul, Who set his grave upon the verge Of Boston's busy street, where roll The vans of traffic and the surge Of bustling footstep; not for him A cedar'd churchyard's blank repose, Nor tomb in some cathedral dim Where no bird flies nor free wind blows.

Sam Adams never a'd'd to rest; I cannot think he slumbers here, But watches with undimmed zeal The stream rush on and disappear; He longs to rise and join the strife, As in the seasons when his breath Kindled a nation into life; He scorns the pining sloth of death.

Had the Client Safe.

A leading London lawyer says that when he was a briefless barrister he went one afternoon to read in the Inner Temple library. He had not been there long when his small errand boy appeared, greatly excited and breathless from running. "If you please, sir," the boy gasped, "a gentleman is waiting for you at the chambers with a brief. He can't get out, sir. I've locked him in." Together the barrister and the boy hurried back to the chambers and the gentleman with a brief, who was amused at his capture, afterward became a most valuable client.